OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 18. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, May, 2 1912. Number 5.

LEARNING AND EARNING.

Tis hard my boy to grip a problem,
To wrestle with the rule of three,
Or to fight with the moods and tenses
To conquor in a spelling bee.

Hard to rise at the early dawning,
To milk the cow, and feed the pig.
To help your mother with the churning,
Ah! you had rather dance a jig,

See my boy! 'tis now, you're learning,
Things in the future you must know.
If you would some glad day be earning;
In life's battle, make some show.

Butterflies dancing in the morning,
Fliting along, from flow'r, to flow'r.
Never a thought; all labor scorning—
Are glad to live from hour to hour.

Let learning claim your best attention,
Be not content to drone my boy.
There's naught in life that's worth the mention,
Like work, it wins success my boy.

Wm. Laurie Hill.
Barium Springs, May 1912.

SPRING SANITATION.

Spring time is pre-eminectly the "cleaning up season." Every home has accumulations of rubbish and filth at the close of winter. Clean it up. Then keep it clean. These accumula tions of trash and filth serve no useful purpose. On the other hand, they may serve directly or indirectly to promote disease. Remember, that you will have no flies this summer unless your immediate surroundings furnish them breeding places. Remember also that the number of flies in and about your house is a telltale on you. We now know that the homes with few or no flies are invariably clean homes, while an abundance of flies is a sure sign of nearby filth. We also know that these dirty homes are dangerous homes. They are dangerous because of the easy transition from filth through flies, to disease. Note that flies are the connecting link, and to avoid the first is to avoid all three.

Put up your fly and mosquito screens early. See that they are all fly-tight and mosquito proof. Inside the house use sticky fly paper and arm the small boy or girl with ten-cent wire fly swatters. Competition is a great thing where there are two or more children.

In cleaning up don't forget the mosquito. He is a tiny pest to say the least, but his little bite may give you malarial chills and fevers that will last you weeks and months. It is easy to prevent mosquitos They breed along the edge of stagnant water, in pools, ponds, tin cans, broken crockery, barrels, tin spouting, etc. Destroy or remove the tin cans and other vessels, repair the spouting, and drain the swamps and pools. If for any reason any stagnant water cannot be drained, pour coal oil on the surface at the rate of one-half pint per hundred square feet. Reapply the coal oil every ten days. If this is not practical, thoroughly stock the pond with fish and minnows. They will consume a large quanity of mosquito eggs. If this is impractical, screen the water in question. As a final safeguard, screen every door and window with fine screen. A wire screen having twelve meshes to the inch will keep flies out, but to successfully exclude mospuitos use a screen having eighteen meshes to the inch. Good health and comfort for the summer are the reward for such timely vigilance and diligence in cleaning up while disease and possibly death may be the punishment of the slothful.

THE LIFE THAT SINGS.

Sometimes it is easy to sing; the song flows unbidden from a natural exuberance and love of melody But when a man or a woman is looking a hard world in the face, carrying a burden, enduring the strain, fighting the stern battle of life, then the real balm for tired, anxious, troubled hearts is the song that rises from the deep places in the soul and bursts in conscious praise to the One who could say to the storm

Continured from page two.

SCHOOLDAYS COMRADES

By ALMA L. JACKSON.

It is written by one of our old girls and is a simple well told story of, how a love match begun, in the old way of carrying her school books.

"Morning Curly Locks—where are you going?" was the playful greeting of a boy of fourteen years to a tiny Miss of ten, whom he overtook on the way to school. It was a beautiful morning in early Spring, and all nature seemed to rejoice. The birds vied in song; the streamlet danced merrily by, and seeing these and so many other evidences of God's love made one's heart leap with the joy of living.

"Where should I be going but to school?" saucily retorted Curly Locks, so named from the chestuut-brown curls that reached all the way to her waist.

"May I carry your books for you?"

"Yes, thank you, Rupert."

"How are you and Johnny getting along Katheryn?" asked Rupert, glancing shyly at his companion. Johnny Ray was the noted tease of the school, and he seemed to take a special delight in teasing Katheryn about her curls and in fact whatever else he could think of. At mention of him Katheryn's eyes flashed fire. This child was very sincere in her likes and dislikes, and Rupert and Johny held very different positions in her childish heart. The former was her hero, and in her estimation the very nicest boy in the world, but when he mentioned Johnny Ray's name in that teasing manner, she looked up at him with surprise in her blue eyes.

"Rupert Davis, I'll never speak to you again. if you tease me about that boy, when you know I can't bear him."

"There, there! It was only in fun, Katheryn, but if it displeased you so much, I won't ever mention his name to you again. Anyway it isn't worth speaking of, because he's only jealous. He knows his sister's hair isn't half as pretty as yours, and that is very likely the reason he teases you. If you don't pay any attention to him, perhaps he'll get tired after a while.

When these youthful sweethearts reached the school grounds, it was ten minutes till time for the last bell, so they sat down on a rustic seat, and began a childish conversation.

By many older people, it may be considered queer that a boy of fourteen should prefer the companionship of a little girl of ten years to that of boys, but such things sometimes happen, and when they do, the persons in question may as well be left to go their own way.

Rupert and Katheryn had hardly seated themselves ere who should come their way but —Johnny Ray.

"Be careful Rupert," whispered Katheryn.

"Hey there, Rupert! What are you so selfish about! We need you in our ball game. Hurry and come on—most time for the bell! Hurry up, I say! Were waiting."

"I'd rather stay here Johnny," answered Rupert quietly, "I'll play with you at recess."

"Yes, I suppose you'd rather stay with your 'Curly Locks,' as you call her," was the sneering response. "I'll play another, kind of game with you at recess."

"Yes, I do prefer to stay with Katheryn. As to the game you propose to play with me, I'd rather not do it, but if you give me cause, I shall not act the coward's part. There's the bell now; you did'nt get much playing done."

The other kind of game was played at recess, and in addition to a sad blow to his pride, Johnny Ray got a black eye in the bargain. By the younger boys and girls of the school Rupert was considered a hero, in the truest sense of the word, and

Continured on fourth page.

WHO STAND AND WAIT

By EVELYN ORCHARD.

Helen Graves left the workroom where she had spent so many hours of her life with a lighter step than usual, and a lighter heart.

It was the month of March, when dressmakers and costumiers are busy in the West End of London, and when the hours set by the law are stretched to their utmost limit. Bridal orders, Court frocks, attire for all the fashionable functions were made in that workroom, and mostly passed through Helen's hands. She was a valuable asset to the firm, and the knowledge that when that season closed she would leave to be married was not very welcome to them. They were already on the outlook for someone to take her place, but woman like Helen Graves, steady, conscientious, reliable, and possessing the artistic sense, are difficult to find.

She had been handsomely paid for the last five years, and had laid by a bit of money, and was generally supposed to be a prize to the man she was about to marry. He was a teacher occupying a positon of trust and importance at one of London's larger technical colleges.

Helen had known him for nearly five years, having come into contact with him first by happening to lodge in the same house with him.

He now lived nearer to his work, while Helen remained in the same lodgings, in a quiet residential street off Eccleston Square.

Helen was thirty-five years of age, and looked her age. The kind of work in which she had been for years engaged, entailing long hours and close confinement, combined with a good deal of strain and worry, had robbed her of a part of her looks, which had been very sweet at one time.

She was an attractive woman still, however, slender and small, with a gentle, refined face, masses of brown hair, and soft, pretty grey eyes, now looking a little tired about the rims. She was very happy that day because Easter was close at hand, and she was under engagement to spend it with the mother of her fiance, who lived at Southsea. He would be there also, and the prospect of a few days at the sea in such company was calculated to make her very happy indeed. She was an orphan, with very few living relatives. The only one she had in London lived with her, and was engaged in a minor teaching post in the very school where Foxall was the head of a department. Helen had been very pleased about the arrangement, sure that Foxall's influence and position would further Edie's interests. To be a woman of business, Helen was singularly unsophisticated and unsuspicious.

It had never occurred to her that there could possibly be any danger to her own peace in the fact that her lover and her very pretty niece should have so many opportunities of meeting when she was not present. She felt singularly happy that evening, because it was Wednesday of Easter week, and to-morrow evenning she expected to get away. Foxall had already gone. Owing to some structual alterations in his school, they had been granted a few extra days coming into operation at the beginning of the holiday. Her niece, Edie Graves, her brother's daughter, had also gone into the country for a few days to visit a school chum, so that the way was quite clear for Helen's holiday. Had she been a very exacting woman, she might have wondered why Foxall did not remain in London to escort her down to Southsea. But Helen was not exacting; she was one of those quiet, self effacing sort of women who stand aside often and let others take the good which is rightly theirs.

She walked part of the way home with a young assistant who was in trouble at home and confied the story to her as they walked. It concerned a drunken, ill-doing brother, who tormented the life out of her and her widowed mother, and filled their days with apprehension and misery.

"Don't you think, dear Miss Graves, that Ted ought to be chucked out? I think he has sponged off us too long, but mother won't listen, and now he is threatening to come to Audley Street if I don't give him more money. Madame wouldn't like that."

"No, Bertha, she wouldn't," said Helen with kindly concern. "If all you tell me is true, it is the police who ought to be put on your brother's track. Do let me come and see your mother. I might be able to help you in that way."

"Oh, if you would! Poor mother is really quite ill, and we have to keep on shifting our lodgings on his account. Just now we happen to be very comfortable, and mother is getting so tired of moving about. Only she won't be hard on Ted. He has got a way with him. I do think men are dreadfully selfish, don't you?"

Helen did not think so, but then her experience up till now had been happy. "Some of them, doubtless, dear, but then so are many women. I am afraid I won't be able to come to see Mrs. Shenstone till after the holidays. You see, I'm going to-morrow."

"Couldn't you come to-night, then?" pleaded the girl. "I do want to take mother away for a day or two; she begins to look so pale. Perhaps you could persuade her. She likes you so much."

"I have a good many things to do this evening, for I want to get straight away from business to-morrow, but yes, I'll come round if you don't mind it being late."

They parted at the corner of a street, and went their different ways, and in a few minutes' time Helen was at her own door.

It was then nearly eight o'clock, and she half regretted having to pay a call some distance off, for she was very, very tired physically, and would be glad of rest.

Her face brightened when she saw, lying on the hall table, a letter bearing her lover's handwriting. She had not expected a letter so soon. He was not, perhaps, the most demonstrative of lovers; but then she had not been exacting or difficult to please. She had given him all, however, the whole wealth of a very fond and kind woman,s heart, capable of untold devotion and sacrifice. It was too fine a gift for the man on whom she had bestowed it.

The maid of the house, with whom she was a great favourite, came to tell her her supper was just coming up. Helen nodded kindly to her, went upstairs to her bedroom, which opened off the sitting-room which she shared with her niece, feeling oddly glad that she would have it to herself for a few hours. It had been something of a trial to Helen to give up her privacy and offer a home to her brother,s daughter. She was naturally a reserved woman, and liked the solitary life, in which she was never dull. Her books and her piano and an occasional friend to spend an hour sufficed to fill up her brief leisure time. The girl had taken all the gifts from her aunt's hand with the careless selfishness of youth, that does not understand how in small things may be hid a crown of sacrifice.

Helen was in no hurry to read her letter. She would take it leisurely by the fire presently when she had taken off her outdoor things and got into her soft slippers, and could sit down to enjoy herself.

She even kept the little maid a moment when she brought her supper dish in, to inquire for her father, who was ill; then, when she had sympathetically dismissed her, she at down with a little smile on her lips to read her letter. She was in no haste for supper, her appetite was not very keen these days. She was very particular about trifles, and never tore a letter open. As she handled the paper-knife, she noticed for the first time, with a little start, that the envelope was of unusual shape and make, and also that it bore an un-English stamp.

But it was Foxall's writing beyond doubt, the very clear and clerky hand she had so often admired.

She drew out the thin sheet, and saw at the top the address:—

Hotel de l'Univers,
Boulogne.

Then she read on a little blindly, scarcely comprehending from the beginning to the end.

"Dear Helen,—I have a difficult task in front of me; I have to write myself down a scoundrel. When you get this I shall be far away in company with Edie. She and I were married the day before yesterday, at the Registry Office in Deansmore Street. There does not seem to be any need to say more, and yet I feel that I would like to tell you how hardly we have both struggled against the love which grew up between us. What I can't understand is that you should have noticed nothing different about me, but more especially about Edie, in the last six months. I have tried hard to do my duty by you, and I would have carried out my promise, if it had not been going to wreck Edie's life as well as mine. We seem to have been swep along on a kind of resistless flood, and both realized that we could never have a moment's happiness apart. But we know now that all our lives, however happy we may try to be, we shall always have you in front of us. Perhaps we don't deserve happiness. At this moment I feel as if we did not. I don't ask forgiveness; that would be too much to expect from any woman, even from you, who are one of the best. But I do hope and pray that you may be able to put me out of your life, and find somebody worthier of you. If you knew how I feel at this moment you would understand that I am punished already.

"James Foxall."

Just below the signature there was a girlish scrawl:—

"Dear Auntie,—Jim is afraid to ask forgiveness, but I'm not. Do, please, forgive us. We loved one another so dearly we simply couldn't live apart. But, of course, it will make a great deal of differense to our future if you will not cast us off.

"EDIE."

Helen sat very still, looking fixedly at all these cruel words, her face set like a mask. All the colour died from it, and it looked very wan and grey in the soft light. Presently she turned the sheet and read it all over again, and once more sat still, looking into the fire, where she saw nothing but a deadly grey expanse of the years to come, the years without hope or purpose or love. She tried to wonder, shivering as if with sudden cold, what she had done to deserve this terrible thing that had happened. In the adjoining room there were drawers and boxes full of the pretty trumpery she had been getting ready for her new estate; all the things that a woman loves for herself, for her house and her personal adornment. What dreams of love and glory had been woven into every stitch! And now it was all over. Youth had triumphed once more, and she, getting old and grey and very tired, must creep away for ever into her appointed solitary place.

Her pale lips moved in something that was not a prayed nor yet a repoach, but a commingling of both.

"Lord, what have I done?

Continued on page two.

LIFE AND SPEECHES OF AYCOCK TO BE PUBLISHED.

,,The Life and Speeches of Charlies B. Aycock'' is the title of a new book now being prepared for publication by Mr. R. D. W. Connor and Mr. Clarence Poe assisted by numerous friends of the late ex-Governor. The book will not only give a graphic and picturesque account of Governor Aycock's personality, character and career, but it will also contain the cream of his public addresses and political speeches, including the speech he had prepared for delivery in Raleigh, April 12th, and which many regard as unsurpassed by him in all his life. The book will be brought out in handsome form from the presses of Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York, and will sell cloth bound at $1.50 a copy. That it should have a place in the book-case of every North Carlinian and be read by the children in every North Carolina home, goes without saying.

The publishers have determined to offer liberal terms to agents, and that it will be one of the best selling book propositions ever offered in Carolina, is easy to forsee. Dr. Albert Anderson, Raleigh, N.C., is Business Manager of the proposition and all requests for agents' terms should be sent to him. It may be said in this connection that Dr. Anderson, Mr Connor and Mr. Poe are all doing their work as a labor of love and without reward or hope of reward. The publication of the book is being rushed with all possible speed and it is hoped to have it ready for delivery within a few weeks.

In order to make the most lifelike possible characterization of Governor Aycock, Mr. Connor and Mr. Poe are asking his friends in every part of the State to send them any authentic reminiscences, incidents, anecdotes and conversations of any kind regarding Governor Aycock that will shed light on his character, personality, and power. Any reader recalling any such incidents will confer a great favor upon the editors by writing them at once.

THE VERY BOY.

"There is a boy in the electrical shops that I want to recommend to your attention," said the superintendent of the Eureka Manufacturing Company, as he and the president came down the steps of the office at the noon hour.

"What about him?" said the shrewd old gentleman.

"He has an inventive turn of mind, and has already made several suggestions that have saved us a lot of money."

"How old is he?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen? He is a mere child!"

"But he has a man's head on his shoulders. There he is now —the little fellow that just threw that handspring. He's the queerest possible combination of childhood and manhood and childhood that I ever saw. What in the world is he up to?"

As the superintendent passed, a fair-headed slightly-built lad disentangled himself from a crowd of fifty or sixty workmen who were hurrying into the street, and hid behind the corner of the building peering keenly toward a figure coming slowly down the road. The object of his attention, a man of almost gigantic mold, was dressed in his working clothes, having evidently just come out of the rolling mill, where he had no doubt, been puddling iron. In spite of his dirt-stained garments, he presented not only an imposing but an attractive appearance. His great head was finely poised upon his broad shoulders. His features were strong, his blue eyes keen, and his heavy shock of hair so fiery red that his shopmates called him "Volcano," The boy permitted him to pass the corner, and then with an agile spring

Continued on page three.

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

Published weekly at One Dollar a Year.

Entered at the Postoffice at Barium Springs, as second-class matter.

PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

REV. W. T. WALKER, Supt. and Treas.

Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

Board of Regents:—Rev. H. G. Hill, D. D., Maxton, President; Rev. D. I. Craig, D. D., Reidsville, Secretary; P. M. Brown, Charlotte; W. H. Belk Charlotte; Rev. C. G. Vardell, D. D., Red Springs; J. C. Steele, Statesville; Rev. C. M. Richards, D. D., Davidson; G. W. Watts, Durham; A. M. Scales, Greensboro; Jas. R. Young, Raleigh; Geo. Howard, Tarboro; Robt. Bingham, Asheville; Rev. W. R. Minter, Lincolnton; A. M. Smyre, Gastonia; W. H. Sprunt, Wilmington; Oscar Clark, Clarkton

Thursday, May 2, 1912

TRY TO LIGHTEN SOMEBODY'S BUTHEN.

The chief aim of some people is to do as little as they can in this world either for themselves or others, and to "let the other fellow do, while I reap the benefit." This is the scheme of "getting something for nothing."

Such chaps never amount to much, and just manage to live "from hand to mouth," without any steady progress in any line of industry. That accounts for so many Roustabouts in the world, who are always moving, because they do not know how to do anything well enough to hold a job.

What does a farmer want with a young man who will only stay in the corn row while the boss is around, and will seek the shady corner of a fence when the sun gets hot?

Such a fellow is unworthy of trust, and will never succeed.

What does a merchant want with book-keeper or salesman who is only working enough to hold the job and has no real interest in the success of the business?

It is the young man that tries not only to do his own work—but to "lighten somebody's burden" that is a success. Apart from the commandment "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." We find that it really pays in the end—to do more work than you are paid for.

We know a youth that was employed by a firm that kept him pretty busy: one of the partners had a private business, and would often come into the counting room at night, and get this youth to do a great deal of extra work for him for which he received no compensation.

The youth did the work cheerfully and thus improved himself in business methods. Years afterward when that gentleman needed a young partner to push his business, this youth received the offer, and while he did not accept it, here was a clear indication that services faithfully rendered long years ago, were not forgotten. Let us adopt this as a motto:

"Try to lighten somebody's burden."

IS CHINA READY FOR SELF RULE?

This is a momentus question, and we would be glad indeed to think, that this, the largest nationality in the world, had arrived at a point, when they were capable of self goverment.

China is a country of great antiquity, and has been ruled for ages by the will power of one man, and a few advisors. Around that Emperor there has been woven a superstitious idea of power, and he and his court, have lived apart from the people for ages, and under certain laws, that were the outgrowth of customs. The Chinese have lived on from generation to generation; making but little progress in what is known in our western world, as civilization. As far back as the fourteenth century two Franciscan friars named John de Plano Carpini and William of Rubruk, visited Mongolia and thus wrote of the Chinese who were then called Kitai. "Now these Kitai are heathen men, and have a written character of their own. They seem indeed to be kindly and polished folks enough. They have no beard and in character of countenance have a considerable resemblance to the Mongols, but are not so broad faced. Their betters as craftsmen in every art practiced by man, are not to be found in the whole world." Then, speaking of the present Southern part of China, then known as Cathay these early visitors say. "These Cathayans are little fellows speaking much through the nose. and as is general with all those Eastern people, their eyes are very narrow. They are first rate artists in every kind, and their physicians have a through knowledge of the virtues of herbs, and an admirable skill in diagnosis by the pulse."

Even as early as the fourteenth century these Chinese who were over run and conquored by the Mongols under Jenghiz Khan, were a self sustaining, industrious people, but it is singular that for centuries they have lived on, changing rulers, increasing in population, generation succeeding generation, with no desire to mingle with the world outside of themselves, except in a sporadic way. It is to the advent of the christian religion, that China owes a newly awakened desire to be like the western nations. It is only since the missionaries begun their work in China that the people in larger numbers, have sought, to better their fortunes in Europe and the United States, and to the education of some of her young men in our schools and colleges, is largely due, the ideas that have in recent months over turned an Empire and are attempting to place the flag of a republic over four hundred millions of people. The question is, have the Chinese any proper idea yet, of self goverment? We fear not, for as strong as the United States is, and as well educated in matters political: we are often put to it, to decide aright grave questions of governmental policy, and are really not yet out of the experimental stage. We must not forget that the Republic of Venice lived four hundred years, and now, a king rules the descendents of the people, who once proudly ruled themselves.

China deserves our help and our sympathy, and we think that our country and her missionaries, have done more for the Chinese in helping them into the light, than any other nation.

THE LIFE THAT SINGS.

"Peace, be still."

Music in the storm, laughter when the clouds are black, a song in the night are worth more than the tinkling melodies in the sunshine days of life. When the strain grows severe and the cords seem almost breaking, a song of gladness, however forced at the beginning, will quickly bring relief and a new hope and power. Anger, fear, sorrow yield to the influence of song even when it comes from another singer. They are instantly banished if the angry or fearful one begins himself to sing. Worry cannot abide, and doubt and pessimism flee from the joyous presence of song.

I have known a man to be harassed beyond endurance and driven by perplexities, anxieties, and threatenings to the point of defeat, and when there seemed no way of escape and nothing else possible to be done he has suddenly burst into song, or lifted up his soul from the depths in trustful praise to his God, and in an instant, he declares, everything has looked brighter, more simple more certain of the right outcome. "I am poor and sorrowful wailed the Psalmist and in the very next verse, pulling himself together he exclaims, "I will praise the name of the Lord with a song."

More than likely some other soul groping in the dark may be waiting to hear your song and be touched by your cheer. You may wake the music in his heart by the vibrations of your own, as when the bow is drawn across the strings of a 'cello near a closed piano the corresponding strings in the silent instrument will answer with the same notes. Frank De Witt Talmage has told in graphic manner an incident of the dark days of the Civil War:

After the two opposing armies had watched each other for months upon the opposite banks of the Potomac, there came a night of strange song which will always be remembered by those who were there. The moon was shining brightly. The surface of the river was reflecting the lights, not only of the campfires of the two armies, but also the lights which came from above. The only sound to be heard, was the going forth of the relief guards and the calls of the sentries, "All's well along the Potomac!" While the stillness of death seemed to prevail, a Northern soldier was writing to his mother. As he wrote, he became very homesick for the sight of the old home. He softly began to sing the words which John Howard Payne wrote when he was a helpless, sick, friendless, lonely exile. He sang the words which all Americans have sung a hundred times. As the homesick boy sang, the men in the next tent took up the refrain. Then the song went from company to company, regiment to regiment, brigade to brigade, until it leaped across the river and the Confederate army sang in the chorus as well as the Federal army. The war-hounds which had been growling and showing their white teeth and tugging at their chains turned and went into their kennels and lay down to listen to the music of "Home, Sweet Home."

When the night of trouble is darkest, when the dogs of fear or worry snarl in your path, when the bats of evil omen flap their wings before your eyes and you seem ready to stumble and go down, lift up your head and sing. Let your song burst forth full and free from a trustful heart if it can, but sing even if the effort to do so be supreme and the song be voiceless. Home, sweet home, is just over yonder, and it is a place of peace and music. "Singing and making melody in your heart" will suffice to bring a thrilling response of music from the skies into your soul. You may say truly, perhaps, that "all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," but be glad that you can add, immediately, "Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me."

Who Stand and Wait.

Did I deserve all this?"

Presently she heard a great ringing at the bell and hurried feet on the stars, and at the moment the clock struck nine. She had been sitting there exactly one hour. The maid burst in, looking a trifle scared.

"It's a little boy, miss, with a message from Shrewsbury Avenue, number eighty-three, and will you please go at once to Mrs. Shenstone's? Something terrible has happened, and they need you at once."

Helen rose up slowly, thrusting the letter into the bosom of her dress, and turned such strange eyes on the girl that she started back.

"Oh, miss, you are ill yourself; you ain,t eat anythink. Can I git the doctor?"

"No, no, Eliza; I'm quite all right. I've had a little bad news, that's all. Tell the boy I am coming. What number did you say—eighty-three?"

"Yes, miss, eighty-three; but you dno't look fit to go out, and it's begun to rain,"

"It's all right; I'm coming, tell them, as fast as I can."

She sat down and began to pull on her boots, getting ready to go to those who were in greater need.

Here is a motto which had a great influence upon Garfield's life: "There are some things I am afraid of—I am afraid to do a mean thing." Another was: "Things do not turn up in this world until somebody turns them up."

"Do not wait for great opportunities; seize common occasions and make them great."

MEN AND THINGS

The sinking of "The Titantic" carried to a watery grave more men of wealth than were separated by accident from their wealth, in all recorded history. Not only so. but more treasure in money and jewels lies many fathoms deep in the wrecked ship, than in any other vessel wrecked in our time.

Astor, had to leave his millions, Straus, Widener, Hays, and other men of noted wealth were also suddenly separated from their earthly treasure.

Men of brain and power like Frank D. Millet and Wm. Thomas Stead, were called to lay down pencil, brush and pen, their wonderful abilty quenched in a frozen sea.

Death is no respector of wealth or station but knocks alike at the door of the rich, poor, wise, unwise, and demands his toll. Certainly the Titanic laid tribute on all class in her sad disaster.

By wireless from the Canadian government steamship Seal there is told the story of the finding on Birds Island of a woman and her daby half starved and sufering from exposure which they had endured for ten days following the drowning of Peter Borque, the lightkeeper—their husband and father. The Seal was attracted to the lighthouse by signals of distress and a boat's crew found Mrs. Borque so weak that she could barly crawl along the decks. It is feared they baby will die. Borque ten days ago fell from the lighthouse and was drowned. Every day and every night since. Mrs. Borque told the Seal's men, she had been awake. "I have kept the beacon constantly going and at intervals of five and ten minutes kept the lighthouse bell tolling in the hope that some vessel would appear and send men to our assistance," said the stricken woman. "For a day after my husband was drowned I thought I would go mad, but then I realized that I must be brave and care for the work which had cost his life until word could be sent to the government. My baby suffered terribly from the cold and cried constantly, but all I could do was to keep the little one in my arms and carry it with me every time I crawled into the light tower to trim and fill the lamps and keep them burning. Several times I thought I heard the horns of vessel in the thick fog which for days enveloped the lighthouse,, but none of them came where I could see them, and apparently they did not hear the tolling of the bell. At the end of the sixth day something kept whispering to me, 'Keep up your courage; a ship is coming,' and that premonition is all that kept me alive. I cried with joy when I saw the Seal, and I hope that God will hasten the day when we can be taken from this place, where I have had the greatest sorrow of my life." Mrs. Borque and her child will be provided for as long as they live by the Canadian government. The sacrifice of this man's life in saving the lives of others, the singular heroism of the wife taking her husband's place that lives might be saved are beautiful examples to the world, and typify the glorious heroism of those who care for the spiritual lights along the shore to save from wreckage the tempest-tossed mariner. Such fidelity to trust calls to mind the divine injunction:

Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life.
(Rev. 2:10.)

"Aim high and hold the aim."

"Character is greater than any career."

CRAWFORD-BUNCH FURNITURE COMPANY

UNDERTAKERS

AND

Funeral Directors

NIGHT & DAY

Phone 400

STATESVILLE - N. C.

Valuable Real Estate For Sale

GOOD TWO-STORY RESIDENCE on large roomy lot; best residence street in Mooresville, close to center of town.

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE LOT 79 X 240 ft., three blocks from center of town, good residence section, very desirable. If interested write for particulars.

INSURANCE

The BEST HEALTH AND ACCIDENT POLICY written, covers every illness, every accident. Pays $100.00 per month; costs only $3.00 per month. STRONGEST COMPANY, PROMPT SETTLEMENTS.

I write all standard kinds of Insurance, most liberal poiicies, owest rates, nothing but strictly FIRST CLASS INSURANCE.

If you have property for sale list it with me. I will find the buyer.

S. M GOODMAN,

Mooresville, - North arolina.

Fertilizers Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.

Use Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers *and* "Increase Your Yield per Acre"

BARIUM LODGE

NOW OPEN

Barium Springs Water

NOW CONCEDED TO BE THE MOST EFFECTIVE REMEDY for diseases of the Skin, Scalp and Blood; also the diseases of the Stomach, Kidneys, and Bladder, Indigestion and Rheumatism. For Eczema no surer or quicker cure was ever known, and we positively guarantee to cure any case of Eczema in two weeks time with the patient in the Lodge.

Booklet of testamonials and other valuable information mailed on request.

RATES REASONABLE

BARIUM SPRINGS COMPANY,

BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

The Southern Presbyterian College and Conservatory of Music, RED SPRINGS N. C.

Location	Our location in the Pine woods of Carolina on the Coast Line Railway is ideal.
Water	We have flowing wells of Sulphur water on the campus. In fact, Red Springs is a health resort.
Equipment	Our equipment is abreast of all modern requirements.
Faculty	Our Faculty is equal to the work demanded—which is, A THOROUGH EDUCATION.

If you have daughters to educate, do not fail to investigate our claims. We educate mind and heart.

REV. C. G. VARDELL, D. D., : Red Springs, N. C.

This is The Place in Charlotte to Buy Your

Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Paints, Oils and House-furnishing Goods.

☞All furnished you of best quality, and at most reasonable prices.

Try Us

SOUTHERN HARDWARE

Company

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Literally, Immense, Immense.

That's the word for it, and no other could apply to the values we give, the variety of goods for your selection and the efficient service at your command. The result is, crowds of shoppers for piles of bargains every day. To make this great establishment stand out conspicuously in the history of this and future generations as an institution whose influence for the elevation of commercial ideas is felt around the country in an ever widening development. Recognizing this, it is obvious that we would sanction no transaction which did not in every way make for the best interests of our customers, should any transaction be found otherwise by any person at any time, it is far from our desire, and will be readily corrected if our attention is called to the matter. New spring goods of every description rolling in on every train, Dry Goods Millinery, Shoes, Clothing, Gents furnishings ect. And in point of variety, style or general appearance cannot be equaled in the southern states. A most cordial invitation is extended to all, to come and see our grand display.

BELK BROTHERS

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

SELL IT FOR LESS

How to Send Money and Supplies.

All money should be sent to Rev. W. T. Walker, Supt. and Treasurer, Barium Springs, N. C. Money Orderr should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now a money order office. Money can now be sent by express money order as we have an express office here.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepsid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

☞Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent.

Our Club Rates.

Single Subscription.....$1.00 per year
5 to 10 Subscriptions.....75 cts. per year
10 to 50 or more Subs....60 cts. per year

☞Send in your clubs.

Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.:

"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, May 2, 1912

HOME HAPPENINGS

We have received an invitation from the citizens of Kinston, to attend the laying of the corner stone of the first building to be erected for "The school for the Feeble minded." Date May 6th 1912 at 11 o'clock A. M.

It would give us great pleasure to attend, if we could arsange to do so, for this is a work of Beneficence, we desire to see prosper, but many calls to different parts of the state will prevent our going: So we send our friends our best wishes for a successful beginning.

Does a boy large or small ever get tired of playing ball: we have yet to see the first one. They get very tired of pulling weeds, hoeing corn, chopping wood or picking up chips. But a boy will run from base to base on a base ball team all day and call it fun. We saw about seven of our Synod's Cottage chaps playing "old round cat" the other day and Claytor Jordan was making a home run. You ought to have seen him scoot; and he made it too.

Our Sunday School was the largest on last Sunday we have had during the year, number present 226 The sermon was preached by Rev. J. H. Pressley, of Statesville his subject being "The Rich Man and Lazarus" Luke 17 ch. 19 to 31. His presentation of the rich man, blessed with all that earth could give and Lazarus the poor ragged beggar that lay at the rich man's gate, was a picture our children will not soon forget. Then he gave another picture. The rich man in hell seeking the services of the poor beggar, to bring him even a drop of cool water. And the poor beggar now in Abraham's bosom, happy and comforted; his happiness assured forever: while the once rich man is doomed to an eternity of hopeless sorrow. It was a sermon to be remembered.

There is no end of hustle in and out of our school rooms getting ready for commencement. There are drills practicings, recitations—every one wrestling with his or her part, to be taken seriously and earnestly on the day when friends and visitors shall come to see what we have been doing all winter.

Commencement day is always a great day and especially to our graduating class; for on that day they say goodbye old Barium and go out into the wide world either to seek further knowledge or to enter upon the serious work of winning their way to success in what they may choose as a vocation. Yes it is commencement day to them in very truth and our loving wishes and earnest prayers will follow them.

Have our boys and girls forgotten that we have another gold pen that is offered as a prize for the best piece of literary work done in our school?

We have only received as yet one story or composition of any kind. Wake up! and let us see who will walk away with the prize.

The old worn board porch has been torn away at Synods Cottage, and a new and more commodious one, with concrete floor is b ing constructed. What an improvement it will be.

There is nothing that works with more precision than a modern printing press. To turn on the power, and see blank sheets of paper pass through a machine, and come out a news paper, is one of the triumphs of modern invention We watch our press sometimes and wonder how such a ponderous machine can do such clean and delicate work. The modern press has been evolved from the brains of many men. One thought of this, another of that. Another of something else, and the work of invention and discovery seems destined never to end so long as the needs of the printing art call for betterment.

If you want to see genine grass butter come to Barium. We had some for breakfast the other morning as rich and yellow as ever was made in the land of Goshen. And the butter milk, was just fine: Our pastures are putting our herd in good shape.

Charlie Carriker says, "That peck of biscuit is eaten up long ago, and they were so good!" and he wonders if any more are where they come from.

In addition to the amounts paid in by each Presbytery during the year ending March 31st 1912. We add the number of children that have been clothed by each Presbytery, Which of course adds that much to the contributions to Support Fund.

	No. of children in home.	No. clothed.
Albemarle Pres.	7	16
Asheville Pres.	27	4
Concord Pres.	48	20
Fayetteville Pres.	27	39
Kings Mt. Pres.	5	4
Mecklenburg Pres.	31	23
Orange Pres.	13	27
Wilmington Pres.	27	21
Miscellaneous		9
Children in home 185	Total number clothed by societies, churches and individuals, 163.	

Some time ago, we made mention of our annual Field Day which occurs this month, and and asked our friends to assist in providing prizes Up to this time, we have heard nothing from them. We trust this notice will awaken their interest and that they will help us to make this a success.

The boys are working hard, and there is every reason to believe it will surpass the event of last year.

Our children and workers were all rejoiced Tuesday night to see the lights turned on the buildings in full, and despite the bright moon light the Home presented an attractive appearance under the brilliant illumnation of electricity. The attention of all was claimed by the pleasing sight and all rejoiced over the result of having this much needed improvement in the Home by which every nook and corner can be thoroughly lighted. We are grateful to our friends for their kindness in equipping the Institution thus, and we are especially grateful to the Committe who have had this work in charge, consisting of Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson, Chairman, Messers. J. C. Steele and J. D. Cochran. A vote of thanks is due each one for their helpful service in seeing the work done.

Each one has rendered good help and has not failed to give their time, labor and practical knowledge to the task. The have proven themselves an efficient body.

FIELD NOTES

Concord Presbytery held its session this spring in the delightful old town of Salisbury and it being a very accessible spot, the attendance was remarkably good. Leaving Barium after breakfast it was an easy matter to reach Sailsbury to dinner and every train was met by some one or two of a reception committe, delegates were taken in Automobiles up to the church and immediately assigned to some one of many delightful homes that were thrown open to receive them. The other denominations were equally hospitable with our own people in entertaining. Arriving on the morning of the 2nd day we found the Presbytery organized and in good working order.

Rev. F. A. Barnes was moderator, Rev. E. D. Brown temporary clerk, Rev. J, E. Summers is stated clerk.

The routine business was conducted largely through the committees and every thing worked with a precision that is usual in our well organized church courts,

We had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Lingle of union seminary in one of his forceful sermons, and were glad to see him once more enrolled, as a member of his old Mother presbytery, for he is a son of old Thyatyra church.

The following Commissioners to the generael assembly were chosen.

Rev. Dr. J. M. Grier of Concord, N. C. Rev. J. G. Garth of Hickory N. C.

Alternates, Rev. G. H. Thomas of Concord N. C. Rev. F. A. Barnes.

Elders, O. D. Davis Salisbury, R. R. Hill Statesville, R. F. D.

Alternates, A. A. Carson, C. M. Hall.

The fall meeting of Presbytery will be held at Concord, Iredell Co. located at Lorray, on Tuesday September 24th at 2:30 P. M.

This session of Concord Presbytery was pronounced by all attending as a very pleasant and profitable meeting and the entertaining was just delightful.

Sailsbury has so many charming homes and her people seem to tkae infinite pleasure in giving welcome to strangers, with them, it is not merely a perfunctory matter, that has to be put through somehow, but their hearts are in the entertaining. And the stranger feels that he is welcome.

We are glad to say that every old subscriber we saw renewed, to Our Fatherless Ones, and we brought back twenty subscriptions which is a very unusual happening at a Presbytery.

Wm. LAURIE HILL

Presbyterian Home At Barium Springs

Taken from The Charlotte Chronicle.

The general impression made on one who has never been there before is one of pleasing surprise.

The place is "beautiful for situation." The buildings, nine in number, are of brick, excepting three, the Industrial building, the Infirmary, and Round Knob, the home of the farm boys, and all wear a substantial air.

We were met, our recent visit by the kind and capable superintendent, and taken first to the handsome library building, where he has his office, and given into the care of his secretary, Miss Hudson, who escorted us to the various cottages, and to several school rooms, where we observed with pleasure the bright, fat, and well-fed, well-cared-for boys and girls who have a home here.

We saw, too, the clean, comfortable and well-ventilated dormitories, with the large bath rooms, which will add so much to the health and comfort of all, as soon as the water works are completed.

We visited the kitchen, where the busy girls, under the direction of the well-trained matron, were preparing the dinner we afterwards shared with them in the spacious dining hall.

The fare! That was the question asked by several when we returned home. Well, we found the fare simple, of course, but clean and well-prepared, and doubtless that has much to do with the healthy, rosy faces that we saw on every side.

In the infirmary there was only one dear little girl patient, whose beautiful brown eyes still haunt us. Everything about her was dainty and clean.

In the industrial building we only visited the laundry. There we found six or eight girls, under the direction to their efficient matron, ironing the clothes which the washing machine had turn over to them. The day was warm and bright; faces were rosy and smiling, and the work was being well done.

We regretted not being able to visit the printery, too, apart from the curiosity which made us want to see how a paper is "run" we should have been pleased to meet the printer boys and their foreman, who help to make "Our Fatherless Ones" so creditable.

And now, what do we think is needed? Well, first, a dining hall, with well-fitted kitchen attached, so that the space in Rumple hall now occupied may be used to relieve the crowded condition in the dormitories.

The range, which a little bird has whispered, kind friends are expecting to give, will be welcomed, and will remind all from the matron to her youngest helper, of the friends who have worked to accomplish this gift.

There may be nay there must be, others needs. For instance, there is the library that needs replenishing, not with "cast off books," but especially with books suitable for Sunday reading, and properly classified.

To Presbyterians, all over our State we say go to Barium yourself, and see how much we have to be thankful for in this, our Church's work of love. Leave your blue glasses and your critical spirit behind, but go! and then go home to pray and give more generously than you have ever done before.

Maybe if money had been given as freely as criticism—there would be nothing to criticise!

S. O'H. Dickson.

The Very Boy.

bounded onto his huge back and flung his arms around his neck.

"You little imp!" the two observers heard the giant exclaim, and they saw him hoist his evidently not unwelcome burden across his shoulders and start down the street on a run, the boys musical laugh ringing out, and the crowd cheering.

"That's his crony—Mike McGinnis," said the superintendent,

"Queerly mated pair," the president replied.

"Perhaps you never heard how they became friends?"

"Well, this little shaver's name is Alfred Atherton. He lived in a little town up in the state somewhere, and when his parents died, a couple of years a go, he struck out for himself, and came down to Cincinnati. For a few weeks he sold papers, and then got into messenger service, and finally landed here. He was good-natured and clever, making many friends, but exciting some hostility by his indomitable teetotalism- When he was not aggressive about temperance ideas, it became perfectly evident that he disapproved of his shopmates' habits of 'rushing the growler.' They resented this, however, and they resorted to the scurviest trick you ever heard about.

"Eight or ten of the biggest and toughest boys in the shop devised a scheme to inveigle him into one of the saloons and either persuade or force him to drink a glass of rum. Somehow or other they got him in side the door, and, failing to make him obey them voluntarily, began to threaten, 'We'll pour it down your throat,' they said. "You will?' he cried with flashing eyes. 'We'll see! My father fills a drunkard's grave, and I promised my mother on her dying bed that I'd never drink a drop! Now make me break that promise if you can!' With these words still on his lips the little shaver flung off his coat and set his back against the wall.

"In a jiffy the crowd was on him, and he went down, but fighting like a wild cat! Several of them held his mouth open, and one was just going to pour the whiskey into it, when the big Irshman sprang from his chair and, seizing them one after another, flung them across the room as if they had been five-pound bags of salt. When he came to little Atherton at the bottom of the pile he picked him up, set him on the bar, slapped him on the back, and said to him, 'You little spalpeen, you make me want to sign the pledge.'

" 'Then do it,' said Atherton.

" 'But I can't keep it.'

" Yes you can, with the help of God,'' he said.

"There was something about the honest look in the boy's eyes and the clear ring in the voice that made the giant tremble. He had been a terrible man, you understand, having taken to drink on account of the death of a little child. He was the best puddler in the city, earning good wages; but spending them all in weekly drunks, and going home to abuse the sweetest and most patient little woman in the world.

"For a moment McGinnis looked him blankly in the face, while the crowd picked themselves up and stood watching from a distance.

" 'My Dennis would have been just about your size,' said the half-drunken puddler, and burst into tears.

"Don't cry! Don't cry!" exclaimed little Atherton, putting both hands on his shoulders in an agony of sympathy, for it hurt him to see the giant weeping.

" 'Come home with me lad,' the Irshman replied, and, lifting him down from the bar, led him out the doors. No one knows just what happened; but it looks as if McGinnis had adopted the boy, for he stayed in the hours, and the 'Volcano' has never drunk another drop.''

"Send the boy to me at 7:30 to-morrow morning. I've been looking for him for the last twenty years,'' said the president, when the superintendent had finished his story.—Epworth Herald.

Those who are anxious to secure the worth of thier money in the purchase of a piano had better consult the great firm of

CHAS. M. STIEFF

before closing a trade.

It's mighty easy to be triped into buying a cheap piano by canvassers representing— well you don't know what or who.

They have nothing at stake and you are the victim.

Better patronize a firm that has something at stake and whose interest is your interest,

Chas. M. Stieff,

Southern Wareroom, 5 West Trade Street.

After June 1. 1912

STIEFF BUILDING 219 South Tryon Street. (Opposite Academy of Music.)

J. K. Morrison & Son's Co.

Statesville, N. C.

We keep a full line of Heavy and Fancy Groceries, and solicit only the best class of Grocery Trade. Purchasers would consult their interest by seeing us.

J. K. Morrison & Son's Co.

W. E. SENN

Piano Tuning and Repairing

'Phone 1569

Office: 625 E. 5th Street

CHARLOTTE, - N. C.

Ed. Mellon Co.,

Charlotte, N. C.

CLOTHING, SHOES

Hats, Men's Furnishings, Trunks and Leather Goods

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT 2d FLOOR

8 and 10 West Trade Stree

Charlotte, N. C.

Weddington Hardware Company

INCORPORATED

The largest stock of General Hardware, Builders Hardware and Farming Tools in the State.

Weddington Hardware Co.

INCORPORATED

29 E. Trade St., Charlotte, N. C

For Sanitary Reasons Alone

You Do Well
To Send Us

YOUR PACKAGE

Our Plant is Thoroughly Sanitary and Our Process of Washing is a Sure Death for Germs. In Addition to This Your Garments Will Look Better and :: :: ::

WEAR LONGER

Have we an Agent in your town? If not, write for terms.

STATESVILLE STEAM LAUNDRY.

Laundering, Cleaning,

Pressing, Dyeing

U. C. HARWELL, PROP.

Phone . . . . . 122.

Davidson & Wolfe,

220 South College St.,

Charlotte, - N. C.

DEALERS IN

Groceries,
Grain,
Hay and
Poultry Supplies.

Parker-Gardner Company

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, RUGS, DRAPERIES. BUCK STOVES AND RANGES. GRAND AND UPRIGHT PIANOS. :: ::

Write for late Catalogues.

Largest Dealers in State.

The Best Pays

Deering Mowers and Hay Rakes. Syracuse Cilled Plows. Hand made Harness. Wagons and John Deere Buggies.

Statesville Hardware & Harness co.

STATESVILLE, - N. C.

S M & H Shoe Go.

Our Fall and Winter Styles of Shoes are Here, and they, by their QUALITY, invite your inspection.

SHOES to SHOE youth, manhood, womanhood and old age.

We have the very latest in collars and cuffs. Our shirts will Satisfy in style and quality, the most critical taste.

S M & H SHOE CO.

STATESVILLE, N. C.

PRICE 25¢ QUINACETOL REGISTERED TRADE MARK FOR LA GRIPPE AND COLDS W. F. HALL MANUFACTURING CHEMIST Statesville, N.C

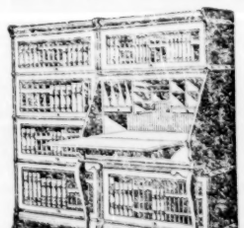
Mailed to any address on receipt of price.

W. F. HALL,

Druggist, - Statesville, N. C.

We Are the Sole Agents For THE

Globe-Wernick Book Cases



Write us for Prices and Catalogue.

Statesville House Furnishing Co.

STATESVILLE, :: N. C.

The Corner for Smiles

A truly eloquent parson had been preaching for an hour or so on the immortality of the soul.

"I looked at the mountains," he declaimed, "and could not help thinking: 'Beautiful as you are you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried: 'Mighty as you are, you will eventually dry up, but not I!'"—Ex.

In Leap Year.

After a brief two weeks' acquaintance he invited her to go to the ball game with him.

"There's Jarvis! He's a good one. He's a pitcher for your life. And that's Johnson over there. He's going to be our best man in a few weeks."

"Oh, Walter! He'll do, all right," she lisped hurriedly, "but it is so sudden, dear."—Town Topics.

"Pardon me boss, but do I take a subway car to get to Charlestown jail?"

"Not necessarily, my good man. You might take an overcoat or a suit case."—Ex.

"I thought you sold your automobile?" "No," responded the Farmer Corntossel, "I traded machine off for that horse over there." "But you seem to have both the auto and the horse." "Yes. I made a contract that he was to give me the haulin' the machine out every time he got stuck or broke down. Finally, he owed me so much that he turned the auto back as part payment."—Washington Star.

True Courage

"I near had a scrap this morning," confided a slender young lawyer whom you wouldn't suspect of being belligerent.

"Who with?", we asked, with no regard for grammer.

"Jimmie Squiggs. I guess I spoke hastily to him. Anyhow, he got the idea that I wanted to lick him."

"Well, what did he do?"

"He took it on the run. Honest, he did three blocks in about twelve seconds before I could say a word."

"That's going some for a big man like Spuiggs."

"Ain't it? And it didn't do him a bit of good. I was a half-block ahead of him ever step of the way."—Ex.

To Bring Them up Well.

Nurse Girl—"Oh, ma'am, what shall I do? The twins have fallen down the well!"

Fond Parent—"Dear me! how annoying! Just go into the library aud get the last number of The Modern Mother's Magazine; it contains an article on 'How to Bring Up Children.'"—Ex.

A Beginner

A Young woman decided to learn how to play golf, and went to a sporting goods store to buy a bag of clubs.

"How many clubs," said the salesman, "do you want to purchase?"

The girl replied hesitatingly:

"Well, I'm not sure just how many clubs I should have. You see, I don't know very much about golf as yet. Why, I don't even know for sure which end of the caddie it is best to use."—Ex.

Breaking The Monotony.

It was a small town in Central Indiana. The village storekeeper was ticket-agent, baggage-master and telegrapher of the little flag station past which two fast mails thundered each day. At last growing tired of the monotony of life, he went out and pulled up the flag. The train slid in and came to a stop in front of the tiny station.

"Where's you passenger?" demanded the bustling conductor.

"Waal," drawled the agent, "I dunno as thar is anyone wantin' to git on but I kinder thought mebbe some one might want to git off."—Ex

---

"Make every occasion a great occasion for you cannot tell when someone may be taking your measure for a larger place."

Here is Longfellow's moto.

"I am determined to be intensely something."

SCHOOLDAY COMRADESS

Katheryn was ecstatic in her praise of him. Rupert, himself took, very calmly, the congratulations of all save 'Curly Locks.' When she told him of her pride in him, he smiled and said: "Curly Locks, you're true blue: you and I are always going to be the best of chums, are'nt we?"

"Of course we are. I'm glad you are younger than Johnny Ray, because if you hadbeen older, he would be sure to say that you had the greater advantage, and I s'pose it wouldn't be true. Anyway, I hope this will be a lesson to him."

And it was a lesson to him, for afterward, no one could have been more respectful than he was to Katheryn. She, in turn, bore him no ill will, and was a perfect little lady in her behavior toward him, she always took his part—or rather, spoke a kind woad in his defense, and as Kathenyn's opinion amounted to a great deal with the other children, they too began to see his good traits, for although he took a delight in teasing the younger childaen, he possessed several good traits of character, and those who searched for them were not slow in finding that under the rough exterior Johnny had a good heart.

One day seeing Kathehyn seated all alone on a seat in the school-yard, he very shame facely went over to where she sat. She immediately made room for him, and asked him to sit down. He took the seat she offered.

"Kathenyn," he said, "although I'm far from being a good boy, I want you to know that there is still some shame about me for the way I have treated you. I'll tell you just the reason I did it. I have always wanted my sister to have curly hair, and because yours was so pretty, and I knew hers was not, it made me mad. I realize how foolish it was for me to feel that way, and I am sorry I tried to take my spite on you. I know I don't deserve it, but I'm going to ask you to forgive me, and let's start over again. Will you?"

"With all my heart, Johny. I suppose you know that it isn't pleasant to have enemies, and I have wished all the time for all the girls and boys to be my friends. I believe all of them have been my friends except you, and now I shall be perfectly satisfied. Yes indeed, you were forgiven before you asked me. I'm glad you love your sister so much, but I'm sure she would not want you to sin on her account. Vivian's hair is pretty even if it isn't curly."

"You and Rupert are a pair of trumps, Kathenyn, and you make me doubly ashamed of myself. I asked his pardon, and he gave it freely and now, you have done the same. You don't know how much I appreciate it."

"I have only done my duty, Johnny, and I deserve no thanks for it."

Ten long years have passed. Kathnyn Beaumont, now a beautiful young lady of twenty years still lives in the village of Riverdale, and Rupert Davis is there also. The friendship that existed between them as children has grown into something that is infinitely deeper.

John Ray is studying to be a lawyer, and those who come in daily contact with him seem to think that he has experienced some great disappointment, and some few even associate this with Kathenyn Beaumont, but if it is true, he is bearing his sorrow bravely, for he and Rupert Davis are the truest of friends. The latter is a young minister. and is very zeaious in his work, Kathenyn will soon be Mrs. Rupert Davis, and we are sure that she will make a helpful as well as loving wife, and that she and her husband will accomplish much good.

I know of a school-teacher whose life and work inspired all of his students, who used to keep on the back of his note book, "Always expect to succeed, but never think that you have done so."

When Arago, the celebrated French scientist, was a poor boy working in a bookbindery he saw these words on a piece of paper that was used in the lining of a book cover, "Go on, sir, go on!" and he afterwards said the inspiration of this motto affected his entire career.

"Face the world with your head forward and your backbone straight."

MADE BY
ISAAC HAMBURGER & SONS
BALTIMORE, MD.

The R. M. KCOX NO.
Department Stores
544-546 S. Center St., Statesville, N C

Only $14.35
Freight Paid for this handsome
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE
Ask for catalog of my full line.
S. H. WILEY,
108 W. Innis St.,
Salisbury, :-: North Carolina.

The Tate-Brown Co.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Ready-to-Wear Clothing
of the Best Quality.
Hats and Furnishing Goods
Hanan Shoes, F. S. & U. Shoes
Tailoring Department

Charlotte Hardware Company
Wholesale and Retail
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Everything in the Hardware Line

Statesville Female College
This College stands for a Thorough Education; for Christian Influences; for Kind Supervision of Boarders; for Moderate Prices.
Send for Catalogue and be convinced
Rev. J. A. Scott, D. D., Pres.
STATESVILLE, N. C.

Atlantic Coast Line
The standard railroad of the South ramifies the "Nation's Garden Spot" throughout the States of
VIRGINIA,
NORTH CAROLINA,
SOUTH CAROLINA,
GEORGIA,
ALABAMA,
and FLORIDA

"New York and Florida Special." (January to April)
"Florida and West Indian Limited."
"Palmetto Limited."
"Coast Line Florida Mail."

Dining cars, a la carte service.
All year round through car service to both Port Tampa and Knights Key, connecting with steamships to and from Havana.
For beautifully illustrated booklets and copy of the "Purple Folder" address:
W. J. CRAIG, Pas. Traffic M'g'r, Wilmington, N. C.
T. C. WHITE, General Pas. Ag't,

If You Are Going North
TRAVEL VIA
THE
Chesapeake Line
Daily Service—Including Sunday
The new Steamers just placed in service the "City of Norfolk" and "City of Baltimore" are the most elegant and up-to-date Steamers between Norfolk and Baltimore.
Equipped with wireless-telephone in each room. Delicious meals served on board. Everything for comfort and convenience.
Steamers leave Norfolk 6:15 P. M. daily arriving at Baltimore 7:00 A. M. following morning.
Connecting at Baltimore for all points North, East and West.
Very low round trip rates to Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Atlantic City, etc.
Reservations made and any information cheerfully furnished by
W. H. PARNELL, T. P. A.
Norfolk, Va.

Clothing & Men's Furnishings
We are headquarters for everything that men and boys wear.
A square deal to all. Every thing as represented or money back.
Come to see us.
Sloan Clothing Company
STATESVILLE, - N. C.

D O N ' T !
take your repairing, cleaning and pressing to unreliable people. Bring it to us. All work guaranteed first class or money refunded. Phone 147
C. R. SLOAN
104 Court Pl. Statesville, N. C

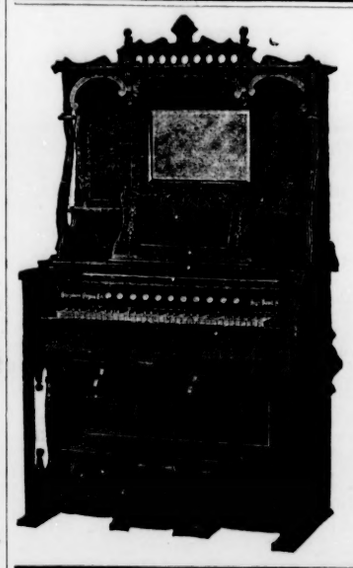
L. C. CALDWELL
Attorney at Law
Statesville, - North Carolina

What a User Says About Our Ground LIMESTONE

Cedar Lodge Farm, Thomasville, N. C., Oct. 29, 1910.
Blue Ridge Lime Co., Fletcher, N. C.
Gentlemen:—In reply to your inquiry how I like the ground limestone bought from you, I am free to say it suits me and my land better than any other form of lime I have tried before. I find it restores the vital properties necessary to make worn out soil productive and greatly assists to transform it into a healthy condition whereby better crops will result. I shall continue to use it.
Yours truly, Frank H. Fleer. [Signed]

Mr. Fleer has used 2200 bags of the 25000 bags we have ground for our farmers this season. Order right now any quantity you may want and let the sweetening of your soil be going on this winter. A home product at low price.

Blue Ridge Lime Co., Fletcher, N. C.



One of the many styles made by us.
If no one in your town is selling our organs, write us for our illustrated catalog.
Shipman Organ Company
HIGH POINT, N. C.
MANUFACTURERS OF
High Grade Organs

No Matter What You Want
In the way of Farming Implements, Tools, Builder's Supplies, Paint, Oil, Varnishes, Household or Kitchen Utensils, we carry it in stock and will give you the very lowest price.
Lazenby-Montgomery Hdw. Co.
STATESVILLE, N. C

THE OLD RELIABLE ACME FERTILIZERS
FAMOUS FOR THEIR PRODUCING POWER
Brands Perfectly Manipulated, of Highest Grade Materials and Always in Splendid mechanical Condition.
Manufactured by an Independent Home Company.
Are Offered to the Trade for the Twenty-Eighth Year.
ACME MANUFACTURING CO.
William Gilchrist, President, WILMINGTON, N. C.

YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS;
FILLED WITH HIGHEST QUALITY,
Materials.
STORE OF QUALITY,
Statesville Drug Company
PRESCRIPTIONISTS

IF IT'S USED IN AN OFFICE
—YOU CAN GET IT AT—
POUND & MOORE CO.
COMMERCIAL STATIONERS
AND
OFFICE OUTFITTERS
CHARLOTTE, - - - N. C.